



# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 10. No. 5. 1st July, 1937.





## *There's a Reason for it!*

The demand for up-to-date well-printed-Labels and Wrappers proves that Manufacturers realise that

**A Good Article must have  
a Good Appearance**

LET US SHOW YOU WHAT WE CAN DO

# **Ross Brothers Limited**

ESTABLISHED 1862

*Colour and General Printers, Carton Manufacturers*  
545-547 Kent Street, SYDNEY Telephone M 4955 (3 lines)

GRAN  
MANUFACTURA  
DE TABACOS

INDEPENDENT FACTORY

# FLOR DE A. ALLONES

MADE IN HAVANA



DIAZ, HNOS Y CA (SUCESTORES)

The finest Cigar Leaf in the world, is grown on the Island of Cuba, and the pick of this leaf is produced in a small area in the west of the island known as Vuelta Abajo.

It is from this area that the leaf used in the manufacture of the famous FLOR DE A. ALLONES Cigars is grown.

FLOR DE A. ALLONES Cigars are grown, blended and manufactured in Havana. They are recognised by connoisseurs throughout the world, as the most perfect cigar, their quality never varying.

THE FLOR DE A. ALLONES Cigar is produced in eight shapes, the craftsmanship and quality of each being perfection itself. FLOR DE A. ALLONES are Imported direct from Havana, by TATTERSALL'S CLUB.

*Representatives*

**McLAUGHLIN & CO. LTD.**

185 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY.

'Phone: M 4865





TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY  
Established 1858

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club,  
157 Elizabeth St., Sydney*

Vol. 10

JULY 1.

No. 5

*Chairman:*

W. W. HILL



*Treasurer:*

S. E. CHATTERTON



*Committee:*

H. C. BARTLEY

G. CHIENE

J. HICKEY

G. MARLOW

J. H. O'DEA

J. A. ROLES

W. J. SMITH

F. G. UNDERWOOD



*Secretary:*

T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 11th September, 1937.



# The Club Man's Diary

The Springboks were content to accept it as one of the jokes that Frank Ryan failed to crack at the smoke concert, tendered in their honour in the Club, on the evening of June 22—until I produced the man ready to testify.

When the last toast had been drunk, and the last chorus sung, and the visitors were escorted up top to see the swimming pool and the handball court, conversation swung to the deluged Sydney Cricket Ground of the previous Saturday.

"Things might have been worse—very much worse," I put in gloomily. They gasped.

"Among us to-night," I proceeded, "is one who recalls having played in a game on the S.C.G. when seagulls settled on the area."

"That's history," put in one of the players, who had ploughed through Saturday's game.

"And it's a fact," I said, "there's the man"—indicating Mr. Frank Underwood, member of Tattersall's Club Committee, and one-time international.

Mr. Underwood recalled the occasion. It was back in 1897, or thereabouts, and he had taken the field as a member of the famous Wallaroos in a club game.

"The seagulls were there alright," he told the amazed Springboks.

"Let's hope that history will not repeat itself," said one of the visitors, ruefully. "I played on the wet grounds of England, but none approached the condition of S.C.G. However, we're not complaining."

We discussed playing weights. Captain Nel said that his poundage was beginning to worry him.

"My best playing weight is 14st. 9lb., but I'm now 15st. 4lbs. . . No thanks, if you don't mind. I won't have another drink, or another sandwich."

"Well," said Frank Underwood, "there's Jack Gregory. I'll bet I scale more than he."

The towering ex-international cricketer stepped confidently on to the scales—16 stone 5 lbs.

Mr. Underwood followed—16 stone 6 lbs.

Interesting to know that Frank Underwood had played the Rugby game at 13 stone 7 lbs., and Jack Gregory said he was at that weight in his cricketing heyday.

The Springboks answered a question for me that I had been asking for a long time—the weight of their most famous international of all time, Bennie Ossler, now retired.

When he amazed the "All Blacks" in South Africa by drop-kicking



Mr. Harry Hunter.

several goals, and place-kicking others, in a Test Match, I was writing the game for the old "Evening News," and Ossler's weight was one of the questions popped at me. Someone guessed at 10st. 10lbs.

"No," corrected Mr. de Villiers—at 9st. 10lbs. lightest of the Springboks—"Bennie's weight was round about 12 stone."

The visitors told me that they were not bored by football talk off the field. They were interested to hear all about Messenger. "Must have been as great as our Ossler," they speculated. "Why didn't Cyril Towers make the South African tour?"

Four, at least, in the gathering could have entertained them with the reminiscences they sought—three former representative players in the Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill), Mr. Frank Underwood and Mr. Jack Manning, and a valiant of the old Glebe Club, Mr. Charlie Hall.

How often have I cornered

Charlie in the Big Room to hear of the great games in the really great days. And, if you don't think they were great days, run through a list of the giants of that era.

As the Chairman made his speech of welcome characteristically impersonal, brief and happy in choice of words, I could in memory's eye see him again taking the field—in the really great days.

Well, those are memories, and it is well for the good of the grand old game that we retain them.

Mr. Hill said, in his speech of welcome, that Tattersall's Club was proud of its sporting affiliations, and was pleased at all times to pay tribute to sportsmen, such as the Springboks.

He mentioned that Mr. Day, Manager of the team, was also secretary of the South African Turf Club.

He hoped that all, including officials and visitors from other States, would take back hearty memories of Tattersall's Club.

"I hope you people race straight here," said Mr. Day, playfully. "We do in South Africa" (laughter from the Springboks).

"When the Wallabies came to South Africa, I gave them all the racing tips possible—and not a horse won. However, Mr. Hill has invited me to Randwick on Saturday to see, at least, two races. He has guaranteed me two winners, and a third if I delay for an extra race. Your hospitality, as I have remarked before, is overwhelming."

Mr. Frank Ryan told the company a few droll stories about Australian race meetings, and put over, in his inimitable style, the one in which the Judge declared for the piebald—a chestnut, but the Springboks had never had it trotted out to them before.

Captain Nel told me, going down in the lift, that he had knocked back so many drinks on the plea that he would celebrate after Saturday's game, that he feared meeting those friends possibly more than the result of the match.

"The hardest man we have to play," he confided, "is Hospitality."



When I didn't offer to shout him a drink, he wrung my hand fervently.

Incidentally, I was on his after-the-match list.

\* \* \*

Another of the yarns was told about a man who found his way into a broadcasting station, and inquired for an artist who was to recite over the air "The Village Blacksmith."

"When you're making that recitation," said the visitor, "you might mention that I'm the village blacksmith, and that I also repair bikes."

The joke, with its village blacksmith flavour, would have tickled Mr. James Barnes, had he been present. The poetically historic character of the anvil, his brow wet with honest sweat, who owed not any man, was a pictorial feature of a menu on the occasion of a family birthday, tendered the veteran in years gone by.

\* \* \*

Elsewhere in the issue will be found the programme for the Club's race meeting at Randwick on September 11, the main attraction of which is, of course, the Chelmsford Stakes, which—the records show—has never been won by other than a good horse.

The Tramway Handicap is regarded as a guide to the Epsom and the Spring Handicap, as one of the pointers to the Metropolitan.



*Mr. C. L. Langsworth.*

By the untimely death of Mr. Chris. L. Langsworth, Australian business lost a man of great constructive capacity, and this Club an

esteemed member. Personally, I have lost a friend of nearly thirty years, one whose personal charm was akin to magnetism, and whose integrity in things big and small was an inspiration. He was a man of reserve, of quiet methods, and of lasting friendship. His memory will remain evergreen.

\* \* \*

Mr. Harry Hunter, who came to this country from America some short time ago to succeed the late, well-respected Mr. John Kennebeck as Managing Director of Paramount Film Service, has been elected a member of this Club, as was Mr. Kennebeck.

We and the Americans are cousins racially, they share our national democratic ideals, and are true lovers of sport.

Mr. Hunter, an enthusiastic golfer, is a member of Bonnie Doon.

\* \* \*

Mr. F. Von Schilling, of the Texas Oil Company, returned recently from a trip to America, and we extend him a hearty welcome back to the friendly circle of this Club.

TAILORS HATTERS SHIRTMAKERS

*Exclusive English Suit Lengths*

•

**SIM & CHALONER**

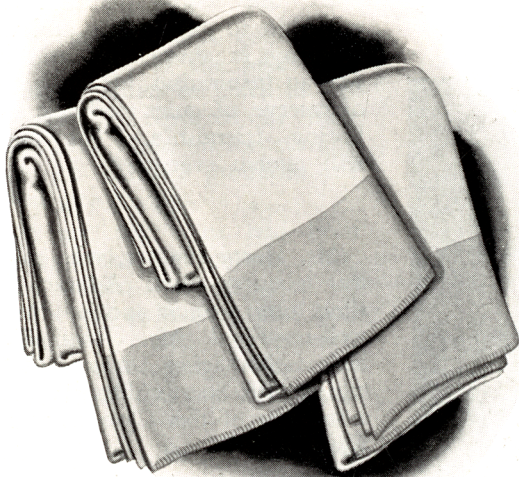
65 CASTLEREAGH STREET Phone MA3851

(near King Street)

•

• Our business has been maintained and extended by kindly recommendation of satisfied customers.





**SERVICE—  
ECONOMY**

**DURALINE BLANKETS.**  
(Guaranteed Unshrinkable)

Duraline Unshrinkable Blankets cost you less and ensure that warmth necessary for winter comfort. Standard weights and sizes. Assorted coloured block headings, blue, green, pink, also blue stripe.

**Gibsons and Paterson Proprietary Ltd.**  
Forsyth House, 206 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.  
Phone : MA 6888.

## How Much Time

can you give to your friend's affairs? He can probably only give as much to yours. Perpetual Trustee Company (Limited), if appointed as your Executor, Trustee or Agent, will attend to the affairs of your Estate all the time—your friend can probably only attend to part of them for part of the time.

**DIRECTORS:**

T. H. Kelly (Chairman).  
Walter T. Brunton, Herbert R. Lysaght, O.B.E.,  
Lieut.-Col. the Hon. T. A. J. Playfair, M.L.C., E. R. Knox,  
K. de L. Cudmore, H. V. Douglass (Managing Director).

## Perpetual Trustee Company (Limited)

**33-39 HUNTER ST., SYDNEY.**

P. Cureton (Manager).

*Call or write for Explanatory Booklet.*



BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE FEDERAL  
AND STATE GOVERNORS.

# ALTON'S

## HIGH-GRADE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

ALL IMPORTED LEAF.

**20 for 1/6**

**3/6 for 50**

**7/- for 100**

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED.



# Hitting "Up the Line" with the Iron Shots

(By Abe Mitchell.)

The iron is the master club in golf. Only let me see a man play a few iron shots and I will tell you whether he is a golfer or not.

All the big men in golf are good iron players—Walter Hagen being, in my opinion, one of the best—and which of them wins a tournament depends upon their prevailing mood on the greens, and possibly upon the state of their health.

Now, an iron shot is judged entirely by its accuracy. To play an iron well, one has to keep the ball straight, and impart sufficient back-spin to stop it within the confines of the ordinary green.

In order to do this, a man must be quite sure that he can get the length and still maintain control; that is, he must swing well within himself. If he is in doubt, he should overclub and play an easier shot. A man simply cannot keep his balance if he is going "all out."

I am going to say, then, at the outset, that the iron shot is a partial swing and that the shot is leisurely—as the *player* views it.

Let us consider for a moment the more important details in the making of the ordinary iron shot.

The feet should be close together and slightly open, with the ball about opposite the left heel—in fact, the stance for the ordinary drive, except that the feet are not straddled.

The advantage of this stance is that it enables the player to hit past the ball up the line; in other words it ensures direction.

## *An Illusion.*

The player should then address the ball precisely as for a drive and make only a short back-swing: in fact, the open stance should pull the back-swing up if the knees are resisting.

On no account should the player consciously lift his hands in the back-swing: they should be jerked up, as it were, when the hips lock.

I suppose the onlooker watching

a good iron player gets the impression that the shot is a rapid one, but this impression is partly due to the relative shortness of the shaft, as compared with the driver. However, I am speaking now, in this article, of the mental attitude of the player himself towards the shot: for the good iron player always plays the shot rather lazily.

It may help the player to get the correct wrist movement if I tell him that the club-head should finish well in front of the ball position, and that he should have the feeling that he is carrying the ball right up to the pin.

The longer the shot, the longer will be the club-shaft and the farther the club-head will travel through the ball. Actually, the wrist action will be greater in these long shots, but the added power really comes from the legs. Let me convince you.

Start iron play by playing short shots round a green. Face the hole, keep the knees together and absolutely rigid while the shot is played.

Make a short back-swing and force the club-head through the ball by a leisurely but sustained action of the wrists. You will, as it were, throw the ball, and if you are following this advice honestly you will soon realise that the legs are regulating the shot.

There, then, is your iron shot. When longer shots are attempted, set your legs to take the strain while the wrists are taking the club-head through. Above all, be leisurely.

In this lengthening-out practice, remember that the hands move as for the shorter shots; the club-head will travel farther, of course, as the shaft is longer.

Herein lies the importance of getting the feet set right, for, of course, you cannot follow through if they are at sixes and sevens with the swing. Accordingly, I have advocated a slightly open stance with the feet together, for this stance en-



## FIXTURE LIST

1937.

**July 22nd**—Concord Golf Club, Four Ball Best Ball v. Par.

**August 19th**—The Lakes Golf Club, Stroke Handicap, Victor Audette Memorial Shield.

**September 16th**—New South Wales Golf Club, Stroke Handicap, "A. C. Ingham Cup."

## ANNUAL BALL

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1937,  
AT TATTERSALL'S CLUB.

ables one to hit straight up the line and to follow through correctly.

## *Take it Clean.*

A final word about back-spin. Harry Vardon never took a divot, nor does Bobby Jones, for their method was to hit up the line and the ball had back-spin because it was hit down.

The player couldn't follow better examples, for they played leisurely, always hitting down towards their feet and not outwards, and always following through.



Remember . . . .

## **"FRESH FOOD"**

PRODUCTS, viz.:

**Milk - Cream - Butter  
Ice - Bread and Rolls**

ARE THE BEST OBTAINABLE.

They are used exclusively at Tattersall's Club Dining Rooms and all other leading Cafes and Clubs.

DAILY DELIVERIES EVERYWHERE.

'Phone M 2981 and Cart will call.

**The N.S.W. Fresh Food & Ice  
Co. Ltd.**

HARBOUR STREET, SYDNEY.

**ETA** *Delicious*  
**SALTED NUTS**



**CASHEWS · ALMONDS  
· PEANUTS ·**

*Take a Jar home with you.*



The Exquisite "BOUQUET"  
and flavour of Lindeman's  
Wines is the natural ex-  
pression of the quality and a  
delight to the cultured taste.





# The Magic of Seven

As Much in a Name

Horses gallop in all shapes, but for some obscure and still unexplained reason, few champions have had bad or ill-sounding names.

Somebody with a flair for figures and an apparent abundance of spare time, has advanced a further theory that the most successful names are of not more or less than seven letters.

Taking a look into Australian Turf records, past and present, does something to support this idea.

Going back to the much discussed pair as to merit and ability the yet impossible of comparison, Carbine and Phar Lap, it is noticed at once that both have the given or accepted number of seven letters.

It is impossible that Carbine would have been any the worse if he had been called by any name with any odd number of letters, but his name goes down in history in support of the seven argument. Similarly, Phar Lap would have been as great with any label, for he rose to dizzy heights in spite of many drawbacks.

Racing people who could claim to make any comparison of the pair are few and far between, but those two horses have to be included in the category of the great.

Searching through the lists of modern times reveals names of many good horses, comprised of a varying number of letters. It is difficult to support the theory in full, but in Manfred, Windbag and Ram-

pion there were three outstanding gallopers who contributed their page or so to Australian Turf history. All three were above average, if they did not reach the heights of the great. Manfred, when he turned round at the start of the A.J.C. Derby, in 1925, gave the field a furlong start, and then won. He went very close to being a great horse on that day.

Amounis and Chatham have claims to be recognised as superlative gallopers, if not quite deserving the affix of great. They were capable of fine performances in the best class, and with weights which would have discouraged any but the most noble of their breed.

The last season has produced sensational, rather than outstanding, seven-letter names in Pamelus, and Talking, while Gold Rod has been a very smart horse who has had his capabilities curtailed by unsoundness.

Pamelus and Talking have been "news" from the unusual angle since the spring. Pamelus, by the uncertainty of his engagements, and the unorthodox programme mapped out for him, has kept himself well in the spotlight. Even the most ardent of Queenslanders, however, are now doubtful if they were correct in their assessments of Pamelus, whose publicity has been due to mystery, which intrigues even the most hard-headed of racing men. Pamelus is a good galloper, but, on performances, no more.

Talking, of course, became a front-page story from the time the extraordinary price of £19,000 was paid for him last spring. Certainly he is a dual Derby winner, which is an asset to any horse's stud career, but it is doubtful if he would have monopolised half as much attention had he carried on in a normal way, without any sensational change of ownership.

This year's crop of two-year-olds does not promise well in support of the seven-letter theory. Ajax, Lynch Law, Hua, and Caesar put a decided spoke in the wheel of the idea. Many changes can take place between autumn and spring, but it is unlikely that this quartette will be deposed from leading positions as three-year-olds.

Lochlee and Own Folk are the hopes of the sevens. Lochlee in the autumn was not the colt of the spring, but suggested stamina. He may come to the rescue as the staying colt. Own Folk is over-shadowed by his own stablemate, Caesar.

However, with the list of greatest stake-earners in Australia, showing Phar Lap, first, with £66,738; Amounis, second, with £48,297; Windbag, eighth, £35,939; Carbine, £29,626; and Manfred, £28,830, a percentage of 40 per cent. in favour of the seven theory, it certainly carries more than a mere grain of conviction.



## 'Build Your Own Blackfish Rod'

With the Vulcan rod parts any handy man can make this high-grade, medium weight blackfish rod at a reasonable price. Everything needed is supplied. The Vulcan is a rod of fine split cane, with comfortable grip and rubber butt. Call or write for free instruction sheet and list of parts.

### CRAIG AND AITKEN

654 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY (near Anthony Hordern's)



WOOLFE'S MEAT MOVES



FROM RANGE

TO RANGE



THROUGH BOTH STORES

ENJOY FRESH SAUSAGES

**HENRY WOOLFE**

*Two Famous Meat Stores*

650 GEORGE STREET . . . 130 PITT STREET

Brickfield Hill.

nearly opposite General Post Office.



## Rural Members

*Mr. H. O. Leitch, of Long Plain.*

It is safe to say that one has not lived long in the Riverina if they do not know of H. O. Leitch, of Long Plain, near Wagga. The family is famed for being one of the oldest breeders in the State, and H.O. carries on the highest traditions with honours.

The Leitch family, through decade after decade, has been recognised as expert in blood stock, and some great steeds have graced our tracks as a result. One remembers that the Berry Jerry and Arajoel stud properties gave us Bard of Avon, winner of an A.J.C., Metropolitan and Williamstown Cup. And, the "Bard" is but one of the number of prads who have proved themselves in the very best of company.

Such another was Athenic, who was one of the best sprinters of his day.

Always of charitable disposition, Mr. Leitch last year presented a £100 Gold Cup to the Murrumbidgee Turf Club for the Annual Cup meeting held at Wagga, and again follows the long line of tradition with generous outlook on all public movements. A great sportsman and highly esteemed in every sphere.

\* \* \*

*Mr. M. J. Gleeson, of Griffith.*

Meet Mr. M. J. Gleeson, of Griffith, N.S.W.

Here we have one of those virile personalities to whom many of us, in a variety of spheres, owe much.

Why? Because "M.J.G." is one of that brigade which gets things done. No shouting from the housetops, but a solid worker. And what a variety of interests!

As Managing Director and part-owner of all hotels in Griffith, the subject of this essay still finds time to run his flock of sheep of merino quality. Apart from those undertakings, he finds time to officiate as a member of the Rice Marketing Board.

In sport, he looms just as large nowadays in an official capacity as he did in bygone days, when he worked the scrum for Newtown in Rugby Union—those halcyon days when "Boxer" Russell and our own Chairman were famous stalwarts of the great game, in the playing sense.

The name of Mr. M. J. Gleeson figures as President of his local golf club, and also as Vice-President of the Riverina Golf Association. He is patron of the Country Rugby League, and owns his own string of horses, which operate on a variety of courses. As an old amateur rider, he knows what's what where the hoofs thunder.

One could go on at great length detailing deeds of derring do on the part of this individual. Best of all is the knowledge that success ever attends his efforts, and oftentimes, we have doubtless enjoyed a great day, or days, little dreaming that the man who was pulling the strings, is the one whose name appears over this story.

## Handball

Handball Club officials are wearing broad smiles these days, and they have reason, for never before has such enthusiasm been shown as in the first competition of the season.

Although the contest has only been running a few weeks, the thirty-eight contestants have played 114 games.

Full results up to time of writing, with handicaps, are:—

K. Hunter (owes 10), 1 won, 1 played; W. Tebbutt (owes 10), 1-3; A. S. Block (owes 5), 11-12; E. Davis (owes 3), 7-7; P. J. Hernon (owes 3), 0-2; C. McLeod (scratch), 0-0; F. Lazarus (scratch), 1-6; E. Pratt (scratch), 3-4; G. S. Williams (scratch), 15-18; A. E. Rainbow (scratch), 5-6; E. Penfold (1), 0-0; J. Pooley (1), 1-1; C. Bastian (2), 0-0; E. T. Penfold (3), 7-10; L. Israel (4), 11-12; J. Buckle (4), 3-5; R. Pollard (5), 1-7; A. Pick (5), 5-15; G. Goldie (6), 7-12; N. Conroy (6), 0-1; C. Godhard (7), 0-1; T. A. J. Playfair (7), 2-7; J. Creer (7), 5-13; A. Richards (8), 0-0; W. G. Buckle (8), 0-2; B. Hodgson (8), 0-2; D. Lake (9), 2-8; I. Stanford (9), 14-16; E. Fauser (9), 0-0; E. Bergin (9), 1-13; E. Rein (10), 1-5; R. Wilson (12), 0-0; J. Patience (14), 0-2; W. S. Edwards (15), 4-10; N. Barrell (15), 17; N. P. Murphy (15), 0-2; A. E. Lawton (16), 5-11; R. Hadley (10), 0-5.

*The Drink of Good Fellowship*  
**VICTORIA**  
**BITTER**





# The Rise of Solario, as a Sire of Classic Winners

(By A. Knight (Musket)).

The fine showing made by Mrs. G. B. Miller's bay colt Mid-day Sun in the English classics this year—he was third in the Two Thousand Guineas and first in the Derby—has drawn attention to his sire, Solario, the handsome son of the Triple Crown hero, Gainsborough.

Like most well-grown colts, Solario took time to mature, and at two

years, only started three times for a win and two seconds.

Even at three years he did not come to hand quickly, and after running third at his first attempt that season, was twice unplaced, finishing fourth in the Derby of 1925, and occupying a similar position in the Two Thousand Guineas. That year, a party of Australian sportsmen visited England, and, when one of them—perhaps the shrewdest judge

of form in the Commonwealth—was asked to put £1,000 on Solario for the Derby,

on behalf of a big English bettor, remarked that the colt was not forward enough to win the classic, and advised the backer to wait until the running of the St. Leger. The soundness of this advice was vindicated, for Solario won his three remaining starts after his fourth in the Derby, a race which must have brought him to his best form, as he won the Ascot Derby, 1½ miles, starting second favourite to the Derby winner, Manna; the Newmarket Princess of Wales Stakes, 1½ mile, in which he was

again second favourite, this time to St. Germans; and he wound up his three-year-old career by easily winning the St. Leger by three lengths, when he started joint favourite at 7 to 2 with Manna. At four years, he won the Coronation Cup at Epsom, 1½ miles; the much-coveted Ascot Gold Cup, 2½ miles; and then ran Foxlaw to a neck in the Jockey

the whip, with the result that he hung out to the left, drawing away from the rails over to Foliation. When about half a furlong from home, Solario got his head in front, and I then expected him to win easily, but he continued to shorten his stride. Just on the post he came again in a great finish, though I thought Foxlaw must just have beaten me."

The ground was very hard that year, and there were disquieting rumours some days before the race that Solario was not showing to advantage since the ground had become hard. Sir John Rutherford, his owner, had intended running Solario in the Champion Stakes at Newmarket, if rain had taken the sting out of the ground between the dates of the Jockey Club Stakes and the Champion Stakes, but altered his mind, and in an interview with a Turf scribe, said: "I do not think it is worth while to risk another defeat. After all, we know

the Jockey Club Stakes form was all wrong, and Childs does not think any the less of him. His reputation was established when he won the St. Leger, Coronation Cup, and Ascot Cup, and I do not think his defeat this week will in any way injure his stud career." So Sir John retired Solario to the stud, and the horse began his career as a stallion in 1927, with a full list for the first three years.

On the death of Sir John Rutherford, Solario was offered by auction in 1932, in company with other in-



*Solario, by Gainsborough (2) from Sun Worship (26), by Sundridge (2), generally conceded to be the handsomest horse of the English turf seen for years. He was bred at Fort Union Stud, Ireland.*

Club Stakes at Newmarket, but lost second place on a protest. R. A. Jones, the rider of Foliation, lodged an objection to both Foxlaw and Solario on the ground of "bumping and boring from the dip." The stewards overruled the objection to Foxlaw, but sustained that to Solario.

Joe Childs, who rode Solario in this race, stated after the horse had been disqualified: "I could see that Solario was feeling it coming out of the dip. He was not running as freely as I liked, so I showed him



mates of Sir John's breeding and racing studs. When the stallion majestically entered the sale-ring, which was surrounded by a big and expectant throng, everybody knew that history was about to be made. Breeders throughout the world eagerly awaited the result of the sale. Nearly fifty years had elapsed since a tried stallion of Solario's class and reputation had come under the hammer in England, for it was in 1883 that the Derby winner Galopin had been offered. The sale of Galopin was necessitated by the death, a few weeks earlier, of his owner, Prince Batthyany. The reserve of 8,000 guineas was announced, and this sum was paid by Mr. Henry (afterwards Lord) Chaplin. Recalling the occasion, Mr. Somerville Tattersall, the auctioneer, mentioned that Mr. Chaplin invited Lord Granville to take a share in the horse, but the latter declined to do so. The Duke of St. Albans then agreed to enter into a partnership with Mr. Chaplin, and must have reaped a considerable benefit, as Galopin lived another 19 years, dying at the age of 27, like his illustrious son, St. Simon.

In January, 1883, Isonomy was sold for 9,000 guineas; while Blair Athol realised 12,500 guineas at the dispersal of the Middle Park Stud in 1872. When, in 1900, Flying Fox was sold by auction for 37,500 guineas, he was still in training, and would have so remained if John Porter had seen his way to letting the horse stay at Kingsclere. When Porter said "no," Flying Fox's career ended, so that virtually the French sportsman, M. Edmond Blanc, bought him as a stallion. Apart from this instance, the highest price paid for a thoroughbred stallion sold by auction was, until July, 1932, 100,000 dollars (£20,000), given by Mr. Charles Reid for St. Blaise, when, after the death of the first Mr. August Belmont, the 1883 Derby winner was offered for sale in New York.

When a four-year-old, Solario attracted the attention of prominent breeders, both at home and abroad. The proprietors of the famous Chapadamalal Stud, in the Argentine wanted him, and before the colt had won his spectacular victory in the Coronation Cup, authorised the British Bloodstock Agency to offer 60,000

guineas for him, but the offer was quickly and courteously refused. Sir John Rutherford explained that during the remainder of his life, his chief joy would be to follow the fortunes of the offspring of Solario, especially those he bred himself. What a pity such a sportsman should pass away before he had the pleasure of witnessing one of the offspring first home in the world's greatest race!

The day after Solario won the Coronation Cup, Mr. J. B. Joel, quite unaware of Sir John's determination not to sell, instructed an agent to offer £75,000 for the colt.

Sir John Rutherford, and alluded to former sales of famous horses. Then he proceeded to the business of the moment. For many days the question has been asked how much would Solario make? The estimates varied widely, but there was prevalent opinion that, the economic position being what it was, the horse would not fetch more than 40,000 guineas. It was generally agreed that no English breeder, acting for himself alone, could afford to buy Solario as a business proposition.

There were four bidders. Three of them represented syndicates, and one a private individual. There



*Mrs. G. B. Miller leading in "Midday Sun," winner of the Derby, 1937.*

The proposal was spurned. A few minutes later the Aga Khan heard of this, and he accosted Sir John, and said: "I hear you have refused £75,000 for Solario. Is that right?" "Certainly it is," replied Sir John. "Why should I sell him? Money would not buy him." The Aga Khan then asked: "Would not £100,000 tempt you?" "No," came the answer: "not all the money in the world would."

When Solario entered the auction ring to be sold after the death of Sir John, he had had runners on the Turf for two and a half seasons, and his record as a sire was not such as to cause a great deal of eagerness to bid for him. Before asking for bids, Mr. Tattersall made feeling references to the death of

was some mystery about the latter, for whom the trainer, Jack Jarvis, was bidding. Mr. Tattersall began by asking 40,000 guineas. As there was no response, he suggested a start of 30,000 guineas. Again there was silence, but when he dropped to 25,000 guineas, a bid was received. Jarvis and the British Bloodstock Agency were the early contenders, the bidding advancing 1,000 guineas each time. After he had offered 35,000 guineas, Jarvis retired; and at 36,000 guineas Mr. Crawford, of the B.B.A., also went out. Mr. Hills, acting on behalf of an American syndicate, then made his first move by offering 36,500 guineas. His entry also brought Lord Glanely into

*(Continued on Page 20.)*



ASK FOR IT !

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SPECIALLY IMPORTED

# HOUSE Whisky

[Highland Nectar]

PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

Bottled under the supervision  
of the Commonwealth Customs

*The Quality Never Varies*



# Disquisition on Dress

The original Australians, the aborigines, weren't fussy about adornment, apart from corroborees, when they splashed on the warpaint in dazzling nuances. None could grace the company without regulation regalia, any more than it would be possible, nowadays, for a sartorial nonconformist to crash Royal Ascot bereft of his belltopper.

Many modern Australians are aboriginal in their dress (and undress) propensities. Of the elect socially, they still desire to dodge conventions of caste, and clothing enactments fixed by tradition and custom. They are the outcasts on the inner, paradoxically.

This disposition against dress, as decreed for occasions, is not, as some Australians and Americans declare, a revolt against flummery and decadent Beau Brummellism, but a revelation of carelessness and laziness.

It's not that they don't know any better; simply that they can't be bothered. They want to slouch

along as comic reliefs in a serious show. They may have an inner feeling of anguish, but are content to bluff through with the business.

They ridicule others who know better and who act more decorously. They even distress and embarrass some of the well-dressed.

We had at Randwick on a Derby day occasion a learned judge twitted because of his belltopper and spats. "Well," said His Honour, a little abashed, "I only put 'em on once a year to please the family."

Now, that man was faithful to a decency; he was, according to his status, and the company he was keeping on Derby day, attired correctly. Yet he was made to feel uncomfortable by a slouch-hatted radical of more money, but less breeding.

We noticed some time ago a disposition to discard "tails" in evening dress; that men of social rank were attending theatres and dances in dinner suits and hard-hitters.

One of them explained to us: "Well, it's the modern trend."

Perhaps it is also the modern trend to flaunt American soft and turn-down collars with dinner jackets.

But mightn't the ancients be right in trying to head off the mob from the abyss of bad taste and crazy unconventionalism?

Who decides these things? Who is to say that departure from what usage has declared right isn't sartorial Sovietism? Who is to check the evolution of, say, a shirtless cult on ceremonious occasion?

We cannot dress for the drawing room, with company present, as we might for the back verandah, nor set up the standard of a week-end cottage as fit and proper behaviour at a theatrical premiere or a Government House levee.

It's all a matter of proportion, of good sense, of good taste. Departure from conventions is often no more than degeneracy.—"The Tailor and Mercer."

## *Social Programme*

**SATURDAY, 17th JULY**

Tattersall's Golf Club Annual Ball

**SATURDAY, 21st AUGUST**

Tattersall's Club Swimming Club Ball

**SATURDAY, 11th SEPTEMBER**

Tattersall's Club Tenth Annual Ball



# POOL SPLASHES

## Two Races to Go . . . Who'll Win? Close go between Four for Dewar Cup

Fast and furious continues the battle for the Dewar Cup, and the oldest inhabitant cannot remember a previous tussle for the famous trophy that has remained so open right to the death.

Two races to go, and you can't get even the most outspoken of Pool fans to tip the winner from the four stalwarts who are battling it out, stroke for stroke.

George Goldie has been deposed from the lead by Godhard, but he is only one and a half points astern, level with Block, with Dave Tarrant another half point away in fourth place.

Success seems to run in cycles, for, following Goldie's four wins in a row in the March-April series, Godhard won two in the April-May, and in the May-June Point Score, Dave Tarrant covered himself with glory with a near-possible, three wins and a second.

So far in the present series, English has won two on end, and it is a pity that he has made his run so late, for he is only eight points behind the Dewar Cup leader.

The points are:—C. Godhard, 57; G. Goldie, 55½; A. S. Block, 55½; C. D. Tarrant, 55; T. H. English, 49; W. S. Edwards, 44½; A. Richards, 42; A. Pick, 41; K. Hunter, 36; J. Dexter, 35; V. Richards, 26; N. Barrell, 24; D. Lake, 21½; N. P. Murphy, 20½; J. Miller, 20.

On July 8th, the most successful

season the Swimming Club has experienced will conclude, and members will be able to give all their time to Handball for a few months, until the new season commences in October.

In the meantime, the next big item of interest is the Swimming Club's Annual Ball, set down for Saturday, August 21st, when the Dewar Cup and other trophies will be presented at the always-popular turn in the Pool.

The men from the Pool already have this date booked, and we can assure other Club members of a really excellent time that night.

We are glad to see Australia's hopes for the British Empire Games, Noel Ryan and Robin Biddulph working into form in Pool try-outs. Biddulph's form against Medica last season augurs well for Australia's chance of holding the Empire supremacy, won by Ryan on the last two occasions.

It is a pity that we will not see Bill Kendall at the Games, though he is expected to spend some time here soon.

Since he has been at Harvard University, Bill has been making such excellent times, that he would be a sure thing for an Empire title if he were able to start.

Best times put up in Swimming Club races last month were: 40-yards, 23 secs., C. Godhard: 60-yards, 35 4/5 secs., W. E. Edwards.

### Results.

May 27th.—40-yards Handicap: C. D. Tarrant (25), 1; T. H. English (26), 2; A. S. Block (24), 3. Time: 24 secs.

June 3rd.—60-yards Handicap: C. D. Tarrant (38), 1; T. H. English (40), 2; W. S. Edwards (35), 3. Time: 37 4/5 secs.

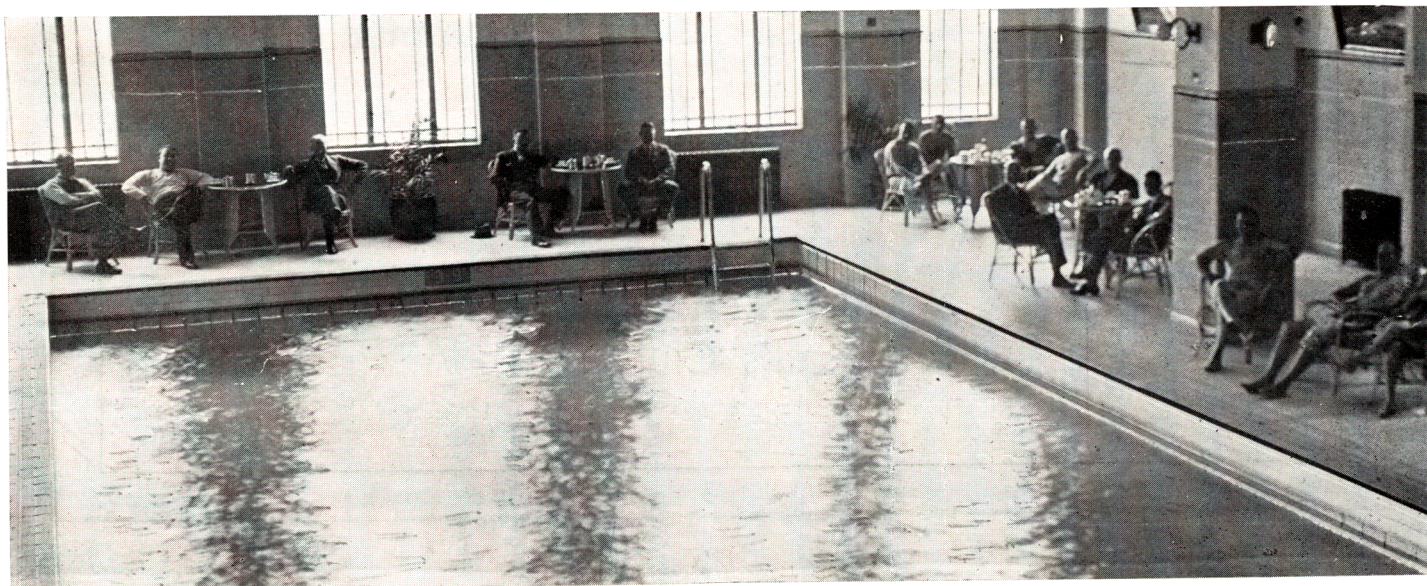
June 10th.—80-yards Brace Relay Handicap: N. Barrell and T. H. English (52), 1; C. Godhard and C. D. Tarrant (48), 2; G. Goldie and A. Pick (59), 3. Time: 51 secs.

June 17th.—40-yards Handicap: T. H. English (26), 1; C. Godhard (24), 2; A. S. Block (24), 3. Time: 25 1/5 secs.

June 24th.—80-yards Brace Relay: L. Hermann and T. H. English (47), 1; A. S. Block and W. S. Edwards (45), 2; G. Goldie and C. D. Tarrant (58), 3. Time: 46 4/5 secs.

May-June Point Score: C. D. Tarrant, 15 points, 1; T. H. English, 12, 2; W. S. Edwards and C. Godhard, 8, 3; G. Goldie, A. E. Block and N. Barrell, 5, 5;

June-July Point Score: With two races to complete it, this series stands as follows: T. H. English, 8 points; A. S. Block, 5; G. Godhard, L. Hermann, W. S. Edwards, 4; G. Goldie, C. D. Tarrant, 3; K. Hunter, 2.



The Club Swimming Pool.



# Billiards and Snooker

July ushers in tournament time for billiards and snooker players, and members are rallying to the second floor in larger numbers than for months past.

The handicappers have done their job and the marks allotted tend to the belief that games will be closely contested, and, on reflection, no particular player stands out as being a "hot favourite"—surely the best indication of a job well done.

Both tournaments will be run concurrently, and the heat times have been carefully planned and should meet with general approval. First heat each day starts at 2.15 p.m., when snooker is played. At 3.30 p.m., billiards replaces the multi-ball game, and thus variety is there aplenty for spectators.

There are eighteen members "sitting pretty" so far as the first round of the snooker event is concerned, all having drawn a bye. In the billiard section, three members enjoy the same privilege. The idea is to eliminate a bye into the final, and is the most equitable manner of conducting any tournament.

Our old friend, Charlie Young, is at present on the high seas, and speeding toward Australia after a trip to England. That, however, did not deter his friends from putting his name on the list of starters, and the ever-enthusiastic Charlie can be relied upon to voice approval of the action. A tournament without "C.Y." among the entries cannot be imagined.

## *About the Rules.*

Snooker invariably brings forth its queries, and especially so where the rules run contra to billiards.

There are many knotty questions, and probably one of the most conflicting is that dealing with the cue-ball touching another.

Quite recently, the writer wrote to the world's snooker champion, Joe Davis, on the subject. His reply is illuminating, and should prove of great interest at the present juncture. Following is the letter just as received:—

## *Not Surprised.*

I am not surprised that there is some head-scratching over the rule

applying to "balls touching," for, in a way, this rule is somewhat anomalous. In billiards, when the cue-ball is touching another ball, the balls are spotted, and the player plays from hand. In snooker, if the cue-ball is touching a red and is "on" a red, he must play away from the red he is touching, and he

its amendment. It would be altogether too inequitable to bring the snooker rule into line with the billiard rule, so that in every case where the cue-ball was touching another ball, the player should play from hand. A good player might easily "clear the board" from such a leave.

Every snooker player is quite con-



**WHAT NOT TO DO!** Walter Lindrum, world's champion, shows those vital things which should be avoided. Note that the stance is wrong; the grip is wrong; the body is in wrong position; the eyes are "looking round corners," etc. The cue should be held firmly (though not tightly). The cue-arm should swing close to the body and the eyes should look square on to the cue with the nose dead in line with the cue. A complete lesson in one picture.

need not make contact with another red. He is held to have hit the ball he is touching. But if he had been "on" a pool ball, he must hit that pool ball or pay the penalty.

Further, if the player is, say, "on" the blue and the cue-ball is touching the blue, he must play away from the blue, and it does not matter whether he hits another pool ball or not, but if he pots such pool ball he commits a foul. And if the cue-ball is touching a ball that is not "on," the player must play away from the ball he is touching, and hit the ball he is "on." In this case, the player is not held to have hit the first ball.

## *Contradictory.*

This is, of course, contradictory, but the rule works very well, and I have no suggestion to make for

confident he knows what a "snooker" is. If he cannot get a clear shot at the ball "on," if he cannot hit it finely on each side, then he is held to be snookered. But that is not what the rules say. You are only snookered if you are prevented from getting a clear shot at the ball "on" by a ball that is not "on." Assume, for instance, that your opponent has committed a foul and that you are "on" a red. There are three or four reds together, and you can hit them, but you cannot hit any one red on each side.

You cannot claim a free ball for the simple reason that the red is the ball "on," and it is, therefore, a ball "on" that is preventing you from getting a clear ball. And that is why you cannot claim a free ball when you have the unbroken pyramid to play after a foul.



# The Champagne Country During the War of 1914-1918

Throughout the War, the Champagne country was the scene of a tragic but glorious struggle. It was in front of the Reims Mountain that the German front was immobilised from 1914 to 1918, and along the slopes of this same mountain, at the foot of the hills of the Marne, and in the neighbourhood of Epernay, that the last German offensive in July, 1918, was broken.

The vineyards naturally suffered severe damage. Trenches furrowed the vines, and shells uprooted them; peasants saw their houses and furniture destroyed by fire, and many lives were lost. But their activity never failed, and, in spite of shells and aeroplanes, they kept on with their work as far as possible until 1918.

As soon as the enemy were gone, in October, 1918, they camped out in their ruined villages, started to put the vineyards in order, and cul-

tivated such vines as had been spared.

So it was that as early as 1920 an excellent vintage was gathered, amounting to nearly 7,000,000 gallons.



*Trench dug across a vineyard.*

The merchants, too, suffered from 1914 to 1918, the Germans were at the very gates of Reims, and bombarded the city every day, often

with gas and incendiary shells. All of the houses in Reims were more or less destroyed, and many of those in Epernay suffered the same fate.

Fortunately not a single shell, however big, was sufficiently powerful to break through into the cellars, which are deep and well built, and the stocks of wine were not damaged.

Like the peasants, the champagne merchants showed great pertinacity, and never ceased working, except from April to November, 1918, when all civilians had to be sent away.

Immediately after the armistice, the merchants and their men got to work again in temporary buildings hastily thrown together over the cellars, and, by 1920, work was again in full swing.

## Hughes' Motor Service Limited

40-42 COLLEGE STREET, SYDNEY.

170 PHILLIP STREET, SYDNEY.

At your instant command a fleet of the most luxurious Cadillac Imperial Sedan cars in Australia.

The service is available for 24 hours daily. The drivers are in uniform, courteous and efficient and have a thorough knowledge of the city and suburbs, and the tourist centres.

Economical and reliable. Ask for our Price List.

TRIPS TO ANYWHERE AT ANY TIME.

'Phones: B 6214, B 6215, B 6216.

## VICHY WATER CELESTINS

Renowned the whole world over as the best preventive for Gout, Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney complaints.

*Owned and Guaranteed by French Government.*

Beware of Imitations. Insist on Celestins.

*Sole Australian Agent:*

M. PELLETIER, 16 Bridge Street, Sydney.

## MINISTERIAL BUENOS CIGARS

- A remarkably fragrant Cigar at a moderate price.
- These Cigars are manufactured from genuine Havana leaf, carefully blended with selected Sumatra leaf.
- An exclusive Cigar well worth the attention of Members.

## Goldsbrough Mort & Co. Ltd.

5 Macquarie Place  
SYDNEY

Telegrams: GOLDSBRO.

*Sydney's Leading Salesmen*  
WOOL — PRODUCE —  
STOCK.

Our business is founded on the very simple belief that a close personal relationship is essential between the Grower and Broker.

The knowledge and advice of the members of our Company is always at the service of our patrons.—Write us or call.

Write us about your INSURANCE or STATION SUPPLIES.  
LIBERAL ADVANCES.

Box 484 AA, G.P.O., Sydney.



# Motoring 25 Years Hence

(By Kaye Don)

To-day, we look forward with confidence and interest to the prophetic probabilities which may have occurred in our own particular spheres of life when we celebrate the next festivities to which we most look forward—the twenty-fifth year of his Majesty's reign. As a motorist, I naturally think of what the next quarter of a century is likely to bring to the world of motoring in the King's Realm.

And I look back, as an almost middle-aged man, to those early days of my youthful motoring of twenty-five years ago. Most of us who are of a responsible age can remember those days with no great effort.

To contrast them with present conditions, comforts, design and amenities of the modern motor-car, is fantastic.

Imagine how the prophet of twenty-five years ago would have been received at any motor show had he seriously told his audience that the motor-car of to-day would be capable, on normal roads, of a speed of 80 to 100 m.ph. and on speed-tracks of over 300 m.ph. He would have raised roars of laughter.

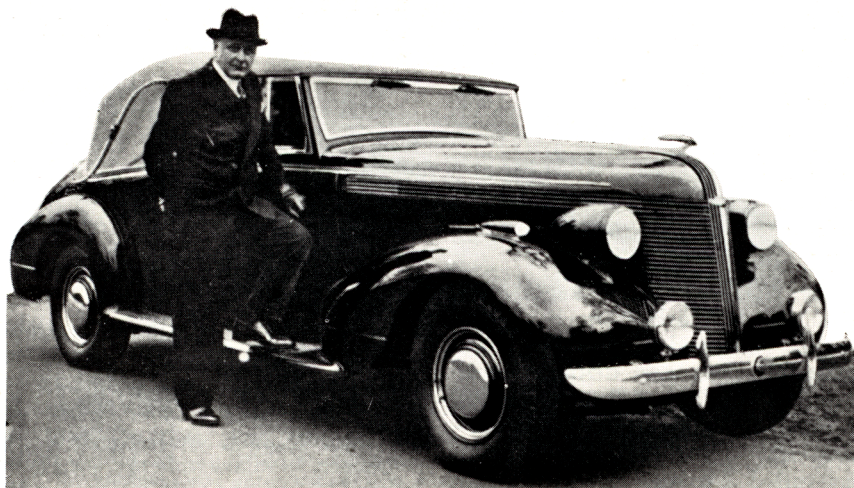
Yet all these things have come to pass. What shall we see in 1962.

I cast my mind back to 1907, the year of Edwardian brilliance, prosperity and calm. The year when hansom cabs and "growlers" still held the London streets, when the smell of horses was sweet on the spring air, the jingle of harness a nightly sound in Regent Street and Piccadilly. That was the year, you recollect, when the Liberals came into overwhelming office, when the Tory landed aristocracy had gone down in a last gallant backwoods-men's fight against the revolutionary doctrines of a noisy little man from Wales named Mr. Lloyd George.

I was busy earning my living then, not always knowing where it came from, working very hard and hoping for the best. Two years later I was racing motor cycles for extremely crazy fun.

Occasionally I drove a motor-car—a curious-looking construction

rather like a moving flight of steps. It had no shape; its looks were non-existent; its brakes inefficient, and then only on two wheels; its tyres were either steel-studded or had a beaded edge and the very best of them were guaranteed to run for a maximum of two thousand miles. As for power, it probably boasted up to ninety horses and could, with a great deal of noise and trouble, achieve sixty to seventy miles an hour.



*Mr. Kaye Don, whose achievements in racing cars and speed boats need no reiteration.*

## *Vulgar Racing Motorists.*

But remember that I am speaking not of the everyday normal man's motor-car, but of the juggernauts patronised by we rash, fast and vulgar racing motorists. For a racing motorist in those days was considered to be a very vulgar person indeed.

I agree. Anyone who could finish a race, or even an everyday drive on the roads of that period ended up looking extremely vulgar. The oil, the fumes, the dust, and the collected remnants of refuse deposited on unmetalled road surfaces by countless generations of cattle and horses left motorists looking rather like something that had been dragged face-foremost through a Scottish midden.

Now let us look into the auto-shades of the England of 1962. What shall we see? I will be as bold as I dare and prophesy. There

will be one-way traffic on great auto-stradas — quadruple motor roads, straight as a die, all over England.

They will travel north, south, east and west. They will go from point to point, straight as the crow flies, comet-like in their directness. Many of the old present highroads will be missed out, left out, and cut out, in the new road systems of the future. They will relax into the pleasant tree-shaded calm and rural

serenity which was theirs when the horse coaches rumbled down them, the yard of tin blew shrilly and the leaders and wheelers pranced impatiently in their collars.

To-day, those old roads are a source of annoyance to the motorist, an ever-present cause of danger to the pedestrian, a double-edged "blessing" to the owner of adjacent property.

I am, perhaps, placing a good deal of emphasis on the present spoilation of the countryside, and what I believe will be the future efforts to redeem and conserve it. It is a matter of the first importance. No one goes motoring unless (a) he enjoys it; (b) he wants to get somewhere quickly; and (c) he loves the look of the countryside through which he travels. Now (a) really embraces (b) and (c) unless your motorist is a complete

*(Continued on Page 20.)*



## Some Strange Soccer "Incidents"

With the arrival of an English Soccer football team, Sydneyites can be relied upon to extend the glad-hand of welcome, the warmth of which there will be no denying. It is to be hoped the forthcoming Test Match will be played in that joyous spirit which should ever permeate the sporting fields. Alas, in recent years we have become far too serious altogether, but let's confine this argument to soccer. If everything runs to schedule, the English visitors will be with us while these notes are being read.

### *Why Be Serious?*

Some time back, spectators in the West of England, decided to take a hand in a game of soccer and "playfully" hurled stones at the players and referee. The game was abandoned. They couldn't take it!

What happened in England was but as a pimple on an elephant to the incident in a recent cup final in Polish Silesia.

The goalkeeper of the beaten team got so worked up in frenzy that he whipped a revolver from under his tunic and drilled a neat hole in the referee. Then, as might be imagined, things started to happen, and eventually the military was called out to quell the disturbance.

The English team, whilst in Australia, need have no fears about its friendly reception. But it has not always been so in other parts.

When Chelsea went to America, the spectators did not like the standard ball which was used, and each time it was kicked into the crowd, big gashes were made in the casing.

Eventually, the Britishers decided on the better part of valor, and brought into play the recognised American ball. It proved a handicap, but they won 6-5 at the end.

In South America the crowds are likely to do anything when excited.

The ground of one famous football team is divided from the stand by moats twenty feet wide and ten feet deep, and, after the players, linesmen and referee have entered the field to play, a drawbridge is drawn up.

It was found necessary, because spectators had a habit of going on to the field and treating the individual players in manner dangerous to their good health.

Whenever British vessels call at the smaller South American ports, challenges to games of football follow as a matter of course.

On one occasion, the captain of a British team decided that his centre-forward was muffing shots and missing easy chances for scoring. Investigation proved that whenever the forward approached the opposition goal, he was threatened with a wicked-looking knife, which was brandished by the opposing goalie.

In Burma, the national sport is a game played with a wickerwork ball, which has to be kept in the air per medium of the knees only. Under the circumstances, when the Burmese turn out to play soccer, it can be safely assumed they can do much with their knees as a result of practice since childhood, and the referee who penalises them for stopping an opponent by these methods learns the quick road to unpopularity.

In Burma and India, spectators wager freely on the result of matches, and, naturally, like to see their fancy in the lead. When this is not the case, calls of "foul" or "penalty" will rend the air every time one of the other side touches the ball.

If these tactics prove unavailing, stones are brought into action, and even long bamboo posts have proven useful to push out in front of a player making a run along the side lines.

Well, there will be no bamboo sticks, stones or gashing of football casings in Australia during the tour. We can rest assured of that.

What our English cousins can rely on is wordy advice from the "hill" if all be not according to Hoyle. But friendly banter, even though cheap on occasion, should never be allowed to so fray the edges that all sense of proportion is lost. After all, the game is the thing, and it behoves spectators and players alike to keep it just what it is—sport, and nothing else.

The Englishmen are certain to have the time of their lives in this country, and all sections of the community will join in wishing them good games and solid friendships.

## The Gymnasium for Exercise and Health

Every man naturally desires to keep himself physically fit and in perfect condition. There is only one way by which that object can be achieved, and it is expressed in one word—exercise. But it is difficult for the average man of mature years, who leads a city life, to take sufficient exercise—and the right kind of exercise.

American business men thoroughly understand the value of exercise in keeping the mind alert and keen for the battle of life in the great world of commerce. Those who have not read "Shorty McCabe"—the story of the ex-pugilist who conducted a gymnasium in New York for the revivification of the tired giants of the business and financial sections of the population—might do so with advantage.

Australians exhibit less wisdom, on the whole, than the Americans in this matter of vital importance. The members of the medical profession in Sydney know better than laymen that exercise is absolutely indispensable—that no drugs can provide an adequate substitute.

For men of mature age, regularity in taking exercise is of supreme importance. If they only knew it, exercise is as necessary to the proper performance of every bodily function as food itself. To take in food and to abstain from exercise, which is essential for the elimination of toxins generated by food wastage, is the surest method of laying down a seed-bed for disease. Every member of Tattersall's Club should give the matter his earnest consideration, and should make up his mind to spend a certain proportion of his time, regularly, in the gymnasium, and in the swimming pool, taking those exercises which are suitable to his age and constitution, with the sure knowledge that he will thereby not only prolong his life, but also render himself better fitted than before to enjoy both his work and his recreation.



## Do You Know?

- **THAT** we have the finest indoor Swimming Pool in Australia, with sunlight, fresh air and sparkling water.
- **THAT** any man can, and every man should, learn to swim. It's easy, healthful, beneficial. The Attendant in the Pool will teach you free of charge.
- **THAT** to join the regular daily gym. classes it is only necessary to get into a gym. suit. The Instructors will help you to do the rest.
- **THAT** you can take that cold out of your system by spending an hour or so in the Turkish Bath. It's a cheap and pleasant method.
- **THAT** you cannot find a more comfortable home than the Club when the family is away. Moderate rates, continuous service.

## The Mother State

*A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature.*

SERIES No. 12.



(By courtesy Mitchell Library.)

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

### CUNNINGHAM DISCOVERS PANDORA PASS.

**A**LTHOUGH the Liverpool Plains, which were discovered by Oxley on his 1818 expedition, were undoubtedly comprised of exceedingly rich and valuable land their difficulty of access was to render their discovery of little practical worth to the colony for a number of years, for the route from Bathurst to the Plains was too long and arduous to be of service to intending settlers, while the route across the mountains to the coast was much too difficult to be practicable. After the lapse of some four years from the time of the discovery of the Liverpool Plains, Allan Cunningham undertook the task of attempting to find a practicable route to these great plains.

Although Allan Cunningham is perhaps better known as a botanist than as an explorer, his works of exploration did almost as much to enrich this country as did his valued services in the field of botany. He came to New South Wales as a botanical collector for the Gardens of Kew, and soon after accompanied Oxley on his expedition to the Lachlan, as well as joining Captain King in the voyages of the "Mermaid." In 1822 he led an expedition from Bathurst with the object of crossing the Liverpool Plains and exploring the country to the north, but the ill-fortune of losing his pack-horses for some time at the Cudgong River caused the expedition to terminate at that point, and after spending some weeks in exploring the vicinity of the Cudgong he returned to Bathurst. It was not until April of the following year that he made his next attempt to reach the Liverpool Plains, his intention being to explore the country between the Cudgong River and the Plains, and then to proceed as far to the north as his means would permit him to travel. The party comprised five men, while an equal number of heavily laden pack-horses carried sufficient provisions for ten weeks. The expedition left Bathurst on April 15, 1823.

The party proceeded northwards and skirted the Liverpool Range in an effort to find some easily practicable pass to the plains beyond, as far to the east as the present site of the town of Murrumbidgee. They were disappointed in their hopes of discovering a pass, and had to return to their earlier camp near the Goulburn River (near the present town of Cassilis). Cunningham then turned his attention to the western portion of the Liverpool Range, and had the good fortune to observe from a distance an apparent break in the range. A closer examination lent added hope to them in their search. On June 5 he climbed a high hill and saw signs of a distinct pass and, in the distance, a glimpse of the Liverpool Plains. On June 7 he recorded in his journal: "Upon proceeding to examine it, I found that, from the level of the valley, the ascent through a close, lightly-timbered forest was exceedingly gentle and gradual to the highest part of the gap or pass, which was distant from our encampment about two miles; and the declivity on the northern side of the ridge, although less moderate (its face being grooved by small water-gulleys), was nevertheless found practicable and not to exceed a mile to the open wooded country at its base. This was observed to be timbered with large and stately box, and watered by a rivulet . . . the western boundary of a considerable extent of plain . . . which on either side is overshadowed by bold lofty heads of the mountain range." Thus was the nature of the passage — named by Cunningham "Pandora Pass" — which opened up the extremely fertile area of the Liverpool Plains.



# Motoring 25 Years Hence

(Continued from Page 17.)

road-hog or a potential racing motorist. And I believe there are some people, even to-day, who believe that the twain are indivisible. But there, with humility, I differ.

We all enjoy motoring, because it takes us out of the town into charming, pleasant, country scenes. We like the exhilaration of speed, the sense of independence, the ability to go quickly from door to door, the sense of individual control over a vehicle which transports us at our desire, under all sorts and varying conditions of time, pace, surroundings and beauty, from place to place.

The roads of the future will be divided into four separate one-way tracks, separated from each other by grass verges, tree-planted. They will be "coming" and "going" roads. There will be two divisions based on their speed averages. On one track you will be able to travel at sixty miles an hour or under. Obviously a place for old motor cars, if they are still allowed, and rumbling commercial vehicles. The second track will be for cars of sixty miles an hour and over. They will be flood-lit all the way, daylight lighting that will give clear and even vision.

There will be no crossings whatever. You will either go over them or under them by tunnel, or by gently ramped bridge. If you do want to go right or left, you will simply pull into a bay on that side and go through a traffic "control" working on red, green and yellow, or any set of colours that the Hore Belisha of the time considers best suits his old school tie.

The car of the future, as I see it, will be rear-engined—so as to give more room, greater propulsive power and absence of smell. It will be independently sprung on all four wheels. It will have greater

vision for the driver, be streamlined to a torpedo-like degree, and have sunk sublighting which will be unnecessary on main motor ways, and will extend its range and vision on other roads, whilst being of no annoyance to the on-coming motorist.

The speed of the average motor car will probably be 200 m.p.h. Road-holding should be easy with independent springing and a better and more uniform type of non-skid road surface throughout the country.

Finally, we shall still have to conquer fog, the eternal brooding enemy of the motorist, the elemental force which still puts our scientific improvements into splendid confusion of inefficiency and reduces the most highly priced automobile to the impotence of a £3 second-hand car.

Some genius, probably still studying at the Polytechnic, will produce a fog-penetrating lamp. Perhaps he will work on the principle of prismatic deflection. I do not know. I am not enough of a scientist. But undoubtedly the lamp will come. And it will make a fortune for someone.

Finally, there will be overhead roads round and through the great cities, great roads built rather like the Roman aqueducts, running on upper and lower decks, linking with railway termini and airports, carrying all fast and extraneous traffic either round or through London and other great cities. The normal street traffic of the city will thus be relieved, and the speed of the out-city traveller considerably enhanced.

On the whole, I look forward to the motorists' world in 1962.

(The "Sporting and Dramatic News.")

## "THE RISE OF SOLARIO"

(Continued from Page 11.)

the fray with a bid of 37,000 guineas, and, thereafter, they had the field to themselves. Rises of 1,000 guineas were reverted to, and the 40,000 mark was quickly reached and passed. It subsequently became known that the Glanely syndicate had fixed 40,000 guineas as their limit. Lord Glanely had beside him Lord Rosebery, who had been appointed Chairman of the syndicate, and when they realised that unless they continued bidding, Solario would next year go to America, they patriotically revised their plans, and ultimately silenced the American commissioner when they offered 47,000 guineas.

After the sale, the question was asked whether the English syndicate had paid too much for the handsome son of Solario, but since then results have justified his purchase, for he was second on the list of winning stallions in 1936. His stock first appeared in 1920. In the three following years his totals were £26,865, £27,904, and £22,484. Then a temporary slump set in, his total in 1934 being £12,729, and in 1935 only £6,004. But in 1936 he was second to Fairway, with a total of £29,336, and it is quite on the cards that he will be either first or second at the end of the 1937 season. It should be remembered that, in England, a horse is credited with winnings only, while in Australia place-money to the value of £15 is credited to a sire.

Bred in 1922 by the late Lord Dunraven, at the Fort Union Stud, Adare, Limerick, Ireland, Solario is an extremely handsome and powerfully made bay horse, by Gainsborough from Sun Worship, by Sunbridge from Doctrine, by Ayrshire. The next dam, Axiom, was by Peter from Electric Light, the dam of Bill of Portland, the first St. Simon horse to be imported to Australia. Solario's first Derby winner, therefore, came when the horse was 15 years of age, and as he is a well-preserved horse who was not over-raced, the syndicate which gave 47,000 guineas for him should make a profit on the transaction, besides having the pleasure of their judgment and enterprise being vindicated.



**Art Dyers, Dry Cleaners  
and Carpet Cleaners**

*Poullars*

116 KING STREET, SYDNEY

'PHONES: F 1148 AND F 1149.

**J. T. HACKETT**

**ALEX. WILLIAMS**

Members of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; Victorian Club, Melbourne; and Tattersall's Club, Perth, W.A. Our reputation stands alone for Largest Amounts, Liberal Prices, and Prompt Settlements.

Clients are particularly requested on Race Days to make all telegrams "Urgent."

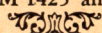
Operating on all Government Licensed Racecourses.

Address Communications:

**J. Hackett, Sydney.**

Cable Address: "HACKWILL," Sydney.

'Phones: FM 1425 and FM 1475.



**W. GLAZEBROOK**

POULTERERS

50 Cross Street, Double Bay

English Game always on Hand.  
Hotels and Restaurants Supplied.

'Phone: B 4266.

**PERCY MARKS**

*Specialises in Exclusive Jewels  
and Rare Quality Diamonds  
in exquisite settings.*

49 Castlereagh St.,  
SYDNEY.

Large and Important  
Single Stone Diamonds.

'PHONE B 2357

ESTABLISHED 1879  
OLDEST GREENGROCERY  
FIRM IN SYDNEY.

**Quing Young & Co.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
HOTEL & SHIPPING PROVIDORES  
AND ORIENTAL IMPORTERS.



207-9 GEORGE STREET NORTH  
NEAR ESSEX STREET, SYDNEY

**Why Go Elsewhere?**

YOU can purchase a USED CAR with confidence, dispose of your used car at the highest cash price, or trade in on any make of NEW CAR at the most liberal allowance, by interviewing

**HUNTER & PHILLIPS**

MOTOR TRADERS  
Tattersall's Club Building  
136 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

**Charles Kinsela**

*Funeral Directors*

Established 1830

SERVICE WITH  
ECONOMY.  
DAY AND NIGHT  
SERVICE.

OXFORD STREET  
TAYLOR SQUARE  
DARLINGHURST.  
'Phones FL 4136-7-8

**POLISH YOUR CAR WITH**

**BRILPOL**

POLISHES AND PRESERVES

4oz. Tins, 9d. 1lb. Tins, 2/-

**JAMES WILSON & CO.**

1 ALBERT STREET, REDFERN



# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

(SYDNEY)

## September Race Meeting

# Saturday, September 11th, 1937

### PROGRAMME

#### THE TRIAL HURDLE RACE.

A Handicap of £250; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For horses which, at time of starting, have not won a Hurdle Race or Steeplechase of the value of £150 to the winner. The winner of any Hurdle Race or Steeplechase, after the declaration of weights, to carry 7lb. penalty. Nomination 10/-; acceptance 10/-.

About One Mile and Five Furlongs.

#### THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have not won a race on the flat (Maiden Races excepted) exceeding £50 in value to the winner up to the time of running. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.

Seven Furlongs.

#### THE TRAMWAY HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £100, third £50 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £4. Seven Furlongs.

#### THE CHELMSFORD STAKES.

(Weight-for-age with penalties and allowances, for horses three-years-old and upwards.) Of £1,000; second £150, third £100 from the prize. Horses that have won a weight-for-age or special weight race exceeding £400 in value to the winner to carry 7lb. extra. Horses not having, at time of starting, won a handicap exceeding £150 in value to the winner allowed: three years, 7lb.; four years and upwards, 14lb.; maiden three-year-olds, 10lb.; maiden four-year-olds and upwards, 20lb. Winners of weight-for-age or special weight races (except special weight two-year-old races not exceeding £150 in value to the winner) not entitled to any allowance. Owners and Trainers must declare penalties incurred and claim allowances due at date when making entries. Nomination £1; acceptance £9.

One Mile and a Furlong.

#### THE SPRING HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £100, third £50 from prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £4. One Mile and a Quarter

#### THE WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. 7lb. Nomination £1; acceptance, £2.

One Mile.

Nominations for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle, or Mr. M. P. Considine, 491 Bourke Street, Melbourne, before 4 p.m. on MONDAY, AUGUST 30th, 1937.

Nominations for the above races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

Amount of Nomination Fee must accompany each nomination. If nominations are made by telegram the amount of fee must be wired.

The Committee reserve the right to refuse any nomination.

**PENALTIES.**—In all flat races (The Chelmsford Stakes excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

Weights to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 6th September, 1937.

Acceptance for all the above races are due only with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 9th September, 1937.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time of starting and the time for taking nominations, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances.

157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

**T. T. MANNING, Secretary.**

**ENTRIES CLOSE AT 4 P.M. ON MONDAY, AUGUST 30th, 1937.**